

FORUM

\$2.50 JANUARY 1984 © 02217 THE INTERNATIONAL MAN RELATIONS

**HOW TO
SATISFY
A WOMAN
EVERY TIME
INCHING TO
ORGASM WITH
NAURA HAYDEN**

**LAST-TIME
SEX THRILLS**

**SEX IN AN
ISOLATION
TANK**

**ESCAPE FROM
AN ORGASM
CLINIC**

**WOMEN
FOR
PORN?**



OPEN FORUM

RUBBER PLEASURES

I would like to express my opinions about a subject that does not come up very often in your magazine. The subject is infantilism. I am a 21-year-old male. Ever since I was a child, I have enjoyed wearing diapers and rubber pants. My parents were very strict with me about wetting the bed. My mother made me wear a diaper and a pair of rubber pants long after the age when I should have been able to use the bathroom myself (I was slow to toilet train). When I got to be nine or ten years old, my mother was very fed up with me about this, and started making me wear rubber pants during the day if I had wet the bed at night. Needless to say, I ran into some fairly embarrassing situations. One moment that really sticks out in my mind happened on a Saturday morning.

My friends had come over to play baseball. I was still in my room when they came upstairs. Without thinking, as I started to get dressed to play, I reached for my rubber pants. They had a picture of Goofy on them. My friends began to laugh at me, and I became known as Billy the Bedwetter.

As I grew older, it became more difficult to find rubber pants that fit. I started wearing adult "incontinent" pants which are really just oversized disposable diapers. I kept them in my room along with my rubber sheet and my baby powder. The smell of baby powder still gives me an instant hard-on.

One day my mother came into my room and found my stash. She said, "I think we should have a talk about this." I told her how much I enjoyed the rubber things. I told her that nothing she could do would stop me. To my surprise, she never even tried.

Right now I am in college, sitting in my dorm room (a single), and the bed is still made up with rubber sheets. What I really would like is to meet a woman who would understand my pleasures and who would share them with me. I hope there is one out there.

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Mr. W.W.,
New York